which I had managed to arrive at conclusions, so fanciful, verging often on the ludicrous.

I was passing my time more or less at ease and comfort in the criminal enclosure, while a warder came one evening from the hospital and wanted me to go with him there. When asked as to the reasons why, he told me that I was ill and the Supdt. wanted me to go to hospital. It all sounded so very funny and I could not help laughing at the idea; I myself knew nothing as to my illness and yet the superintendent knew it; what could be more wonderful than this ? ! asked the man again, "What could be my illness, pray"? "Ugh ! how could you be so cross? when the Supdt. has given the order, you must have got cough cold or some such ailment at least; there could be no doubt about it; don't be* silly but do what I say, come on and make haste." It seemed useless to argue with the man, after all he had said and I had to follow him per-force.

When I reached the hospital, they put me in a big special class room and wanted me to lie down on an easy chair, as if I weiffe suffering from some very serious illness. The very